

The Pocahontas Times.

If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills.—Longfellow.

Vol. 23, No. 22.

Marlinton, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, December 22, 1904.

\$1.00 a Year.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
Attorney-at-Law,
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

N. C. McNeil, G. D. McNeil,
McNEIL & McNEIL,
Attorneys-at-Law,
Marlinton, West Virginia,
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

ANDREW PRICE,
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MARLINTON, W. VA.
Practice in Pocahontas and adjoining counties. Prompt and careful attention given to all legal work.

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A. M. OLIVER,
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DR. D. J. CAMPBELL,
Dentist,
MONTERRY, VA.
Will visit Pocahontas county at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

H. L. VANSICKLER,
Attorney-at-Law,
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Practices in Greenbrier and adjoining counties.

F. RAYMOND HILL,
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Prompt and careful attention given to all business placed in their hands.

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Graduate University of Maryland. Dentistry practiced in all its branches.
Office in 1st Nat. Bank Bldg. 2nd floor.

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All calls by phone and mail promptly answered.

West Virginia Citizens Trust and Guarantee Company
This company will furnish bonds of all county, state and municipal officers; fiduciary bonds, such as administrators, guardians, etc.; junction bonds; bank officials, agents, indemnifying bonds, in court bonds of all kinds; attachment bonds, treasurers, etc.
T. S. McNEEL.

Escar F. Curry,
Dealer in
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
and
SURVEYOR OF LANDS,
Linwood, West Virginia.
C. A. YEAGER.

UNDERTAKER,
Marlinton, W. Va.
A large line of Caskets, Coffins and Undertakers supplies always on hand.

The Raging Canal.
On the Erie Canal, it was,
All on a summer's day,
I sailed forth with my parents
Afar away to Albany.

From out the clouds at noon that day
There came a dreadful storm,
That piled the billows high about,
And filled us with alarm.

A man came rushing from a house,
Saying, "Snub up your boat, I pray,
Snub up your boat, snub up, alas,
Snub up while yet you may."

Our captain cast one glance astern,
Then forward glanced he,
And said, "My wife and little ones
I never more shall see."

Said Dollinger the pilot man,
In noble words but few,
"Fear not, but lean on Dollinger,
And he will fetch you through."

The boat drove on, the frightened mules
Tore through the rain and wind,
And bravely still, in danger's post,
The whip-boy strode behind.

"Come 'board, come 'board," the captain cried,
"Nor tempt so wild a storm!"
But still the raging mules advanced,
And still the boy strode on.

Then said the captain to us all,
"Alas, 'tis plain to me,
The greater danger is not there,
But here upon the sea."

"So let us strive, while life remains,
To save all souls on board,
And then if die at last we must,
Let . . . I cannot speak the word!"

Said Dollinger the pilot man,
"Fear not, but trust in Dollinger,
And he will fetch you through,"

"Low bridge! low bridge!" all heads went down,
The laboring bark sped on;
A mill we passed, we passed a church,
Hamlets, and fields of corn;

And all the world came out to see,
And chased along the shore,
Crying, "Alas, alas, the sheeted rain,
The wind, the tempest's roar!

Alas, the gallant ship and crew,
Can nothing help them more!"
And from our deck sad eyes looked out
Across the stormy scene;

The tossing wake of billows aft,
The bending forests green,
The chickens sheltered under carts,
In lee of barn the cows,
The skurrying swine with straw in mouth,
The wild spray from our bows!

"She balances! She wavers!
Now let her go about!
If she misses stays and braces to,
We're all—[then with a shout]

"Huray! huray! Huray! huray!
Avast! belay! Take in more sail!
Lord, what a gale! Ho, boy, haul taunt on the hind mule's tail!"

"Ho! lighten ship! ho! man the pump!
Ho, hostler, heave the lead!
Add gunt ye all, both great and small,

As numbered with the dead!
For mariner for forty years
O Erie, boy and man,
I never yet saw such a storm,
Or one 't with it began!"

So overboard a bag of nails
And anvils three we threw,
Likewise four bales of gunny-sacks,
Two hundred pounds of glue,
Two sacks of oya, four ditto wheat,

A box of books, a cow,
A violin, Lord Byron's works,
A rip-saw and a saw,
A curve! a curve! the dangers grow!
"Labboard!—stabbord!—
s-t-e-a-d-y!—so!"

Hard-a-port, Doll!—hellum-a-lee!
Haw the head mule!—the aft one gee!
Luff—bring her to the wind!"

"A quarrier-three!—'tis shoaling fast!
Three feet large!—t-h-r-e-e feet!
Three feet scant!" I cried in fright
"Oh, is there no retreat?"

Said Dollinger the pilot man,
As on the vessel flew,
"Fear not but trust in Dollinger,
And he will fetch you through."

A panic struck the bravest hearts,
The boldest cheek turned pale;
For plain to all, this shoaling said
A leak had burst the ditch's bed!
And, straight as bolt from cross-bow sped,
Our ship swept on with shoaling

lead,
Before the fearful gale!
"Sever the tow line! Cripple the mules!"
Too late! . . . There comes a shock!

Another length, and the fated craft
Would have swum in the saving lock!

Then gathered together the shipwrecked crew
And took one last embrace,
While sorrowful tears from despairing eyes
Ran down each hopeless face;

And some did think of their little ones
Whom they never more shall see,
And others of waiting wives at home,
And mothers that grieved would be.

But of all the children of misery there
On that poor sinking frame,
But one spake words of hope and faith,
And I worshipped as they came:

Said Dollinger the pilot man,
(O brave heart, strong and true!)
"Fear not, but trust in Dollinger,
For he will fetch you through."

Lo! scarce the words have passed his lips
The dauntless prophet say'th,
When every soul about him seeth
A wonder crown his faith!

For straight a farmer brought a plank,
(Mysteriously inspired)—
And laying it unto the ship,
In silent awe retired.

Then every sufferer stood amazed
That pilot man before;
A moment stood, then wonder-
ing turned,
And speechless walked ashore.
—Mark Twain.

SUPERSTITION.

Poker Players Are Subject to It.

The old poker player said:
"Do I believe in hoodoos in poker playing? I most certainly do. Let me relate a little incident. Not long ago five of us were sitting around a table engaged in a little game of draw poker of the penny ante variety.

I was winning everything in sight and the gentleman sitting opposite was also in good luck. Presently a friend of ours stepped in the room and placed on the mantel-piece behind Blank, who was playing opposite to me, one of the most curious concerns I ever saw. He said it was a cribbage board he had made out of a lid of a paper box, but it had a mighty curious look to me for a cribbage board.

"The hoodoo man sat down and the first hand he got was four jacks. Inside of an hour he held four sets of fours, met big hands and was upwards of ten dollars ahead. Blank had been losing alarmingly and I had been more than holding my own. In the exuberance of my spirits I called Blank's attention to the infernal machine behind him. He immediately got up and set it behind me. I lost in a whirlwind of bad luck. Flushes went down like two pair and in a very short time I had lost all my winnings and was deep in debt.

"I then arose in my wrath and placed the board behind the hoodoo man, but he seemed to win more than ever.

"I then got up and taking up the big machine very carefully fired it out of the room. Immediately the owner began to lose and every one else to prosper, and though the game only continued something like a half hour I made up my losses and quit even to the cent.

"I will always believe that it was big medicine and was introduced into the room as a home-made, harmless cribbage board."

Position Wanted.
By married man, on farm or saw mill, will lease farm by year. Reference furnished. Address,
—SHAS BILLYE,
Eggleton, W. Va.

Not since the winter of 1838-9 has there been such a water famine as now prevails. It is heart-rending to think of the possible consequences were a fire to break out in our town.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

BARTOW AND ITS VICINITY.

Reminiscences of the Battle at Camp Bartow.

There is much to interest a visitor who may have the leisure to visit Durbin and Bartow and the localities intervening, as I had the pleasure of realizing not so long since—November 21, 1904.

During the few hours I spent at Peter Yeager's I heard enough to give me a realistic view how citizens in their peaceful pursuits might be affected.

Mr. Uriah Hevener and Peter Yeager had arranged to meet near where Boyer now stands and gather up their young cattle in the ranges on Burner's Mountain. Frank Mountain and along the east prong of the upper Greenbrier and bring them to Hevener's and Bible's, near Green Bank.

Just about the time they met at the place agreed upon they heard the cannon at Traveller's Rest. Pretty soon a courier came along at headlong speed for Huntersville, saying a battle was going on and there might be danger of his being headed off by the Yankee cavalry to prevent word being sent to General Lee.

The two cattle hunters at once agreed in the opinion that it would be a poor day for their business.

They started back and followed the courier and just as they passed Hevener's six or seven suspicious looking horsemen were seen near the woods just beyond the house.

Pretty soon Mr. Yeager was at Jacob Bible's and joined his young family.

Quite a number of armed citizens soon appeared from Glade Hill and vicinity, hastening towards the pending battle, and that now was the time to do something if ever.

Somehow Mr. Yeager could not feel that his time had come yet to fight, and so firmly declined the pressing invitation of the minute men volunteers. The patriots were welcomed and passed the pickets without a moment's delay.

It was not long until all was over and the patriots, feeling their services no longer needed, requested a pass out for home. This the commanding officer politely yet firmly refused, intimating that their valuable services might yet be needed. So they had to remain until later on, and realized to their full satisfaction what it meant to be in war and somewhat under suspicion as to their genuine intentions. The general was a Georgian from the State of Robert Toombs, and he was not sure what West Virginians represented in the convention by anti-concessionists might do in a pinch by the way of telling tales out of such a school as a Southern just out of battle.

The old Yeager home was crowded with the sick and convalescent, and owing to the sudden furious attack there was not time to vacate it, and so a yellow flag was hoisted, which the enemy failed to notice or recognize.

In less than thirty minutes forty-seven cannon balls pierced the upper walls and windows, and three or four of the patients were killed before they could be rescued.

To cover the withdrawal from the field one of the Union pieces was served from Burner's barn that was on the site now occupied by Wiley's stables, above the Bartow Station. The piece would be charged under cover of the barn, then uncovered and fired on the Confederate centre.

A Confederate shot pierced the barn while the gun was being charged and knocked off the axle and the piece was abandoned. Whereupon the artilleryists joined the withdrawal towards Cheat and disappeared in due time.

One of the more notable and picturesque objects of interest that characterize Durbin scenery is the "Big Knob" at the base of

which Hoover's lumber plant is located, and just across the east prong of the Greenbrier is the Hoffman tannery, rapidly nearing readiness for operation on a very extensive scale.

As seen Sunday night, while the people were returning from services at the Bartow church, the Big Knob presented a spectacle not to be soon forgotten. Its densely wooded top was crowned with a wreath of flame, whose lurid scintillations made an ornamental searchlight, as it were, far and near.

Much of Monday morning I spent at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Burner, located on the bluff overlooking by the Big Knob, about half-way between Bartow Station and Durbin. Here I enjoyed an elegant dinner and was much entertained by reminiscences of the Bartow battle, and how polite Union and Secession people managed their social and domestic affairs.

On the day of the battle Lee Burner was at Des Moines in the far west. Mrs. Burner, daughter of Mrs. Sally Gun, at her home on Deer Creek, weeping and praying for two soldier brothers at Bartow, who were among the skirmishers that day. They passed through the whole war with the 31st Virginia and never received a scratch.

Lee Burner on his return home was in the army and among his war relics are two "Yankee sabres" he captured in Maryland or Pennsylvania.

In Mr. Burner's parlor are two mounted heads, among the finest of their kind to be seen anywhere. One is that of a Rocky Mountain elk, with wide-spreading antlers. The other is that of a Canadian moose. The heads and necks of these princes of the forest as far back as the shoulders are as good as the best specimens of a taxidermist's skill, and were brought here by Granville Keller as trophies of hunts sent by the growth of the huge in the Rocky Mountains and Canadian wilds.

The lower jaw of the moose recedes so far back and the neck is so short that it cannot crop the grass unless it is very high, and feeds mainly on branches of trees and the vines growing thereupon. Vines are a feature of the vegetation where the moose finds its favorite feeding grounds.

The elk can crop grass, but seems to have a special relish for the lichen that grows upon the big trees among the Rockies and the mushroom. Standing on its hind feet it is surprising how high it can reach for lichen and bring down branches of trees with its forefeet and antlers.

Upon leaving his home Mr. Burner went with me to see me safe over the wire bridge that makes a supple jack of everybody not accustomed to its singular vibratory motions.

After performing my supple jack part and getting over safely Mr. Burner seemingly changed his mind and followed over, remarking there was something else to show me that he came near forgetting. Within a few rods of the bridge he called my attention to the remains of what appeared to be an immense red oak tree projecting from the bank into the bed of the stream.

The appearance of the wood was that of red oak, but the rings indicating the annual growth much thicker than what is observed in oaks now growing. The bank from which the trunk projects and which must have been formed since the tree fell is about five feet high.

About fifty years ago a red oak over four feet in diameter stood over the place where the trunk in question lies, which was hacked and afterwards fell out of root, and by so doing partially exposed the forest as far back as the trunk embedded beneath it. The trunk of the tree, which shoulders are as good as the best specimens of a taxidermist's skill, and were brought here by Granville Keller as trophies of hunts sent by the growth of the huge in the Rocky Mountains and Canadian wilds.

What "milk and honey" stands

for, metaphorically speaking. While on my recent visit up the line my attention was arrested by a coterie of four passengers, in which Marlinton, Swago, Green Bank and Elkins were represented. Among the anecdotes that struck my fancy was one about an Englishman, a German and an Irishman, comparing views as to what they would prefer to be, if they had to change nationality. The Englishman told the German that if he had to be anything else he would prefer to be a German, the German responded that if he were anything else he would gladly be an Englishman. When it came to Patrick's turn to have a word he said: "Oime just a-thinking, that if I wor ointhing else but an Irishman Oi would be ashamed of moiseif, be jabbers!" There is a pith and point in this Hibernianism that would do us all good all the days of our lives in a very happy manner if taken to heart after catching on to it.

Such a thing is almost too good to think possible, yet there seems to be some reason to hope for its materialization, and that, too, before so very long. Should this ever be arranged, then the friends of upper Pocahontas may forecast whatever they please about the coming development of what is between the prongs and the regions adjacent just so it is made large and prosperous enough.

Pocahontas county has area sufficient for three counties as large as Rockingham, Va. Much as one-third of that county is not habitable, and yet the population is near forty thousand.

There is but little, comparatively, of Pocahontas territory that is habitable, and should it ever be occupied as Rockingham, there would be good homes for two hundred thousand people, the land itself supporting one hundred and fifty thousand on "milk and honey"—that is, on what "milk and honey" stands

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Pocahontas county has area sufficient for three counties as large as Rockingham, Va. Much as one-third of that county is not habitable, and yet the population is near forty thousand.

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for, metaphorically speaking.

While on my recent visit up the line my attention was arrested by a coterie of four passengers, in which Marlinton, Swago, Green Bank and Elkins were represented